

PRICE ONE CENT.

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LAST EDITION CRUSHED!

A Crowded Stand Falls in at East- ern Park.

2,000 People Jammed in a Mass of Timbers.

Loss of Life Prevented as by a Miracle.

More Than Fifty People Severely Injured.

Brooklyn's Entire Ambulance Corps Called Into Service.

A terrible accident occurred on the grounds at Eastern Park, Brooklyn, a few minutes after 1 o'clock.

The big free stand on the eastern side of the grounds, furthest from the grand stand, suddenly collapsed at 12.10, carrying down with it its entire load of human beings.

The crash came without any warning whatsoever, and at the time the long rows of bleachers were closely packed with spectators.

It is estimated that there were more than 2,000 people in the structure at the time.

A scene of indescribable confusion and panic followed the crash, which was heard in all parts of the grounds.

The occupants were mostly men, a great majority of them students from Yale and Princeton. There were also many women in the crowd.

They lay in a confused and struggling mass upon the ground.

Many of them were completely buried under the wreckage of planks and joists, of which the structure was built.

The screams and shrieks and groans which came from the unfortunate were heartrending to hear. Many fainted away from the injuries which they received.

In an instant there was a general rush for that part of the field, and a score or more of blue-coated policemen were soon engaged in jailing the maimed and wounded from the wreck.

Others lent their assistance, and within ten minutes the whole place had been cleared.

At first it was feared that some might have been killed, but this fear proved to be unfounded.

A great many of persons, however, were very severely hurt, and broken limbs and bruised heads and bodies were numerous.

Many of the friends of the wounded people had them carried at once out of the grounds and placed in hacks, which took them away before their names could be learned. In this way a great many cases were reported to the police.

The big dressing-room under the grand stand was rigged up as a hospital, and the surgeons from three ambulances from the Brooklyn Hospital which had been summoned as soon as the accident occurred, had their hands full with patients.

Among those who were treated on the grounds and afterwards taken away were:

CHARLES WILSON, of 408 Downey street, Brooklyn, ankle dislocated.

Cadet JOHN O. GUILD and PERRY BARNY, of the military institute at Peekskill, two young lads, backs badly sprained and bruised.

HENRY HERRINGTON, of 808 Clinton street, Brooklyn, Princeton '91, leg broken.

A Yale man, name not learned, suffering from contusion of the spine.

Two Rutgers College students, heads bruised and cut.

JOHN MONROE, Princeton, contusion of the leg.

G. G. DUNNING, Princeton, '91, broken ankle.

GEORGE A. WYLLIE, Hotel Normandie, thigh broken.

JAMES M. GROUTEN, 158 Stone avenue, Brooklyn; internal injuries.

E. & K. KLEIN, Columbia, '91; broken wrist.

John Weed, a Yale student, injured internally and taken out unconscious.

Stephen P. Spear, a Yale student, arm broken.

John Carruthers, a Wesleyan University student, badly cut about the head.

Kidridge, a Princeton man, '94, both legs badly jammed about the ankle.

Curley, another '91 Princeton student, knocked unconscious by a blow on the head. His case is deemed very serious.

Leonard, a resident on Fifth avenue, New York, a middle-aged man, had his right leg broken.

Edward Morgan, a Yale student, leg broken.

McKean, Princeton theological student, compound fracture of the left leg.

Bradley, '94, Princeton, both legs badly hurt.

A lot of boys, a dozen or more, names not learned, who stood upon the top row of the bleachers, were badly bruised and cut.

The only ladies who were hurt were two Brooklyn women, one of whom had her foot crushed and the other her leg bruised.

They were first taken to the managers' office, near the main entrance, and were afterwards taken from the ground by their friends.

Some of those who were buried beneath the wreckage and who were taken out unconscious afterwards recovered, and declined to be treated. They went on the field again and found other places to view the game.

The lowest estimate puts the number of people injured at fifty, while others place it as high as sixty or more.

The stand was evidently in a most unsafe condition, for the broken timbers showed that many of them were nearly rotted in two, while the whole structure was the most flimsy affair imaginable.

When it began to fill up with spectators the joists were heard to crack and strain, and many who started to find seats gave it up as a dangerous job.

Several persons stationed themselves near the entrance of the stand before the accident occurred and warned people not to go up, as it was unsafe.

It was reported that bets were made quite early, at odds of 5 to 1, that the stand would down before the game was over.

The greatest indignation prevailed among the people in the grounds against the management of Eastern Park, and the blame was all put upon those officers.

Every one claimed that a very superficial examination of the structure would have shown that it was utterly insufficient to support the crowd which would occupy it.

A PETITION TO MR. PARNELL.

Over Forty Irish Members Will Retire If He Does Not.

[BY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION.]
LONDON, Nov. 27.—United Ireland laments the absence of the Irish leaders now in the United States. Their view, if presented to the meeting on Monday, must have enormous weight on the Parnell question.

A petition for Parnell's retirement is circulating and has received the signatures of forty Irish members, headed with the name of John McCarthy.

The signers declare that if Mr. Parnell does not retire on Monday they will resign their seats in Parliament.

A manifesto to this effect is expected from the Irish, the petition has no effect on Mr. Parnell.

A Liberal memorial, expressing confidence in Mr. Gladstone and requesting him to take the lead in the Home Rule cause, has been drawn up, and a meeting to consider it will be called.

HUNTING FOR A MURDERER.

A Nebraska Self-Constituted Detective Told to Go Home.

John S. Myers, who said he was a farmer, thirty years old and lived in Wakefield, Neb., was arrested before Police Justice Wanser in Jersey City this morning charged with being a detective.

Myers said a murder had been committed in his vicinity in September last, and from the street, coupled by Taylor George, he had started out to find the murderer.

Justice Wanser told Myers he had better go back to Nebraska, and discharged him.

Lady Connemara Wins Her Divorce by Defendant's Default.

[BY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION.]
LONDON, Nov. 27.—In the divorce court, today, Justice Brett presiding, the suit of Lady Connemara against her husband for dissolution of the marriage for principal cause was brought up.

The case was undefended, exactly as in the O'Shea suit, and the jury brought in a verdict adjudging the respondent guilty of adultery and granting the petition for divorce.

Investigating a Jersey City Fire.

The Jersey City police are investigating a mysterious fire, which occurred a few minutes before 11 o'clock last night on the first floor of the three-story building, 192 Montgomery street, occupied by Taylor George, a Jew.

A large stock of goods, on which there was \$2,000 insurance, was destroyed.

Felt the Bartender's Knife.

"He'd in 12,000 for examination" was Justice Talbot's decision when Bartender Koncke was arraigned in the Yorkville court, charged with slaying Joseph Lee in a row in the saloon at his East Seventh-street last night. Lee was badly cut in the left arm.

Stole a Keg of Nails.

Francis Koury, of South Fifth avenue and Bleeker street, was held at the Tombs this morning charged with stealing a keg of nails worth \$15 from the Albany Freight Company's pier yesterday.

No one, whether a spec- tator or not, should miss the Yale-Princeton football story in THE EVENING WORLD Sporting Extra to- day.

TO-DAY'S KICKERS

Yale and Prince on Own All New York and Brooklyn.

The Football Championship for '91 Hangs in the Balance.

Gay Scenes of Enthusiasm—Yale the Betting Favorite.

Thanksgiving Day and the great annual football game between the rival football eleven of Yale and Princeton are with us once again.

As usual, the young collegians and their friends own the world, or think they do, only this year it is the city of Brooklyn which they have appropriated as well as New York.

The occupation of the city by the colleges took place yesterday afternoon, and a stroll up Broadway about four o'clock would have convinced the most careless observer that something unusual was on foot.

The dark blue and the yellow and orange, the colors of the rival colleges, were seen everywhere. Violent and big yellow chrysanthemums were about equally divided between the pretty girls who joined the regulation afternoon parade on Broadway and the uptown avenues, while bunches of blue and yellow ribbons were fluttering about in bewildering profusion.

The sight was an inspiring one to those who understood its import, for it showed that every one was alive to the fact that the greatest football contest of the season was to be decided this afternoon at Eastern Park, in Brooklyn, and that interest and excitement in the event had been roused to the highest pitch.

Last night the corridors of the Fifth Avenue Hotel and the Hoffman House were thronged with Yale and Princeton enthusiasts, who eagerly discussed the situation, and those who had come to town provided with long pocket-books were on the alert to place their money to advantage.

Lots of the boys took advantage of their visit to the metropolis to do a little celebrating on their own account before the game, for they felt that disappointments were in store for many of them to-day, and that it was a good thing to take their fun when they could get it.

They were as thick as snick as they thronged the principal thoroughfares, where they were observed of all observers, for they were easily distinguished by the gay colors which they sported and the flags of blue and orange which many of them carried about and waved frantically on every possible occasion.

After the performances were over the streets and hotel corridors were again thronged, and as they paraded the avenues in groups of ten or a dozen men singing "Bingo" and "We won't go there any more," belated pedestrians stopped to gaze at the spectacle, unusual for busy New York, but common enough in the quiet college towns.

The day opened bleak and raw, with a cutting breeze from the northwest. Soon after daybreak the heavy-looking clouds seemed to grow grayer and more leaden, and snowflakes began to whirl about in the blinding wind.

Soon there came a regular flurry of snow, which reminded one of some of the old-fashioned Thanksgiving Days, which have been so few and far between of late years.

"Just the day for a rattling game," said the players, but those who had tickets for the grand stand and the bleaching boards at Eastern Park, however, as they thought of the prospect of sitting for two or three hours in the open field, with scarcely an opportunity to stir about.

Later in the morning the clouds lifted and the sun beamed out bright and warm, taking a little of the edge off the K and an asperser.

All interest during the early hours of the morning was centered in the Hotel St. George, in Clark street, Brooklyn, where the rival teams have both put up.

The main entrance to the hotel is draped in a mass of variegated bunting. On the pillars on either side of the door black and yellow bunting is wound in spirals like a barber's pole, and on the opposite side is the purple and red of the University of Pennsylvania, whose eleven is also stopping there.

Above them both are two wide strips of blue in honor of the Yale contingent.

The main entrance to the hotel corridors were crowded with visitors and friends of the teams who had come over from New York early to hear the latest gossip and get the latest news from the seat of war.

The Yale players were the early birds this morning and were dressed and at the breakfast table at 7.30. Capt. Knicker got them all to bed at 10 o'clock last night and said this morning that his men were never in better condition.

The only disappointment is that Holcomb, Yale's great center back, will not play to-day, as he has not yet recovered from his attack of rheumatism, which kept him out of the Harvard game.

Lewis, who takes his place, is a good man and a strong player, but he is not quite up to Holcomb. There is also some doubt as to Williams, the great Yale tackle, who has not been in good condition since the Harvard game.

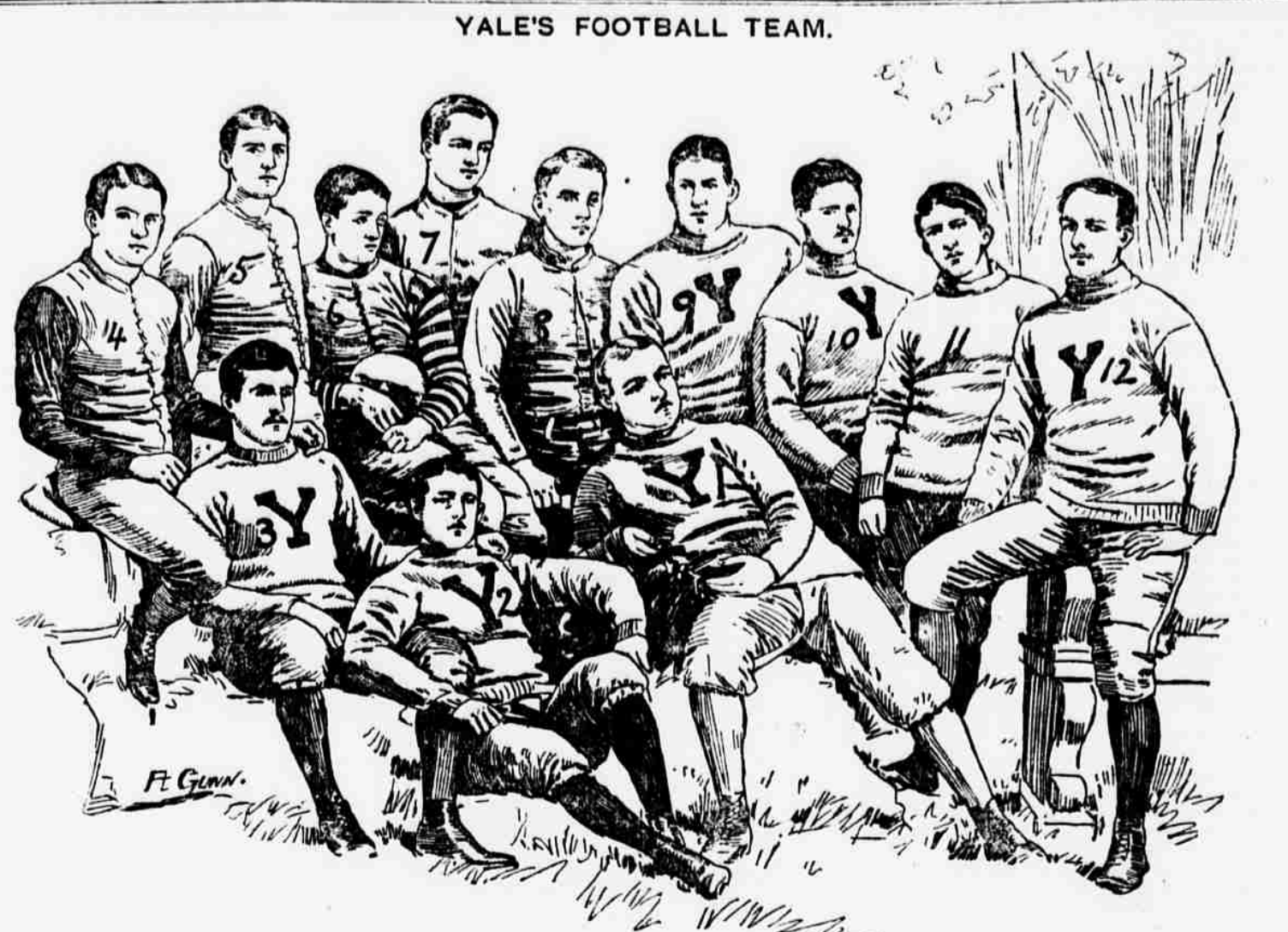
It has been decided to play Harvey at half-back, instead of at full back. Mr. Morrison being substituted at full back. Kline will be in reserve in case of accident, and Williams may also be called in to take some one's place before the game is over.

After breakfast the Yale men retired to their quarters and the Princeton men to theirs, and the morning lounging about on the corners, which has been placed there for them.

They are a big, raw-boned set of men, but look as if they ought to carry everything before them in a rush. The giant of the team is Heffelfinger, who weighs 196 pounds, and his opponent is Capt. Knicker, who weighs 180 pounds.

Most of the smaller bets in the street were made on the basis of 2 to 1 on Yale.

The announced time for beginning to-day's game is 2 o'clock, sharp.



YALE'S FOOTBALL TEAM.
1. Biss, 2. Wallis, 3. McClung, 4. Williams, 5. Hartwell, 6. Knicker (Capt.), 7. Burroughs, 8. Crosby, 9. Heffelfinger, 10. B. Morrison, 11. S. Morrison, 12. Holcomb.

PRINCETON'S FOOTBALL TEAM.

[Reproduced from the Sporting Times.]
Capt. Fox in the Centre Holding the Ball. Trainer Jim Robinson at the Right of the Line.



PRINCETON'S FOOTBALL TEAM.
1. Biss, 2. Wallis, 3. McClung, 4. Williams, 5. Hartwell, 6. Knicker (Capt.), 7. Burroughs, 8. Crosby, 9. Heffelfinger, 10. B. Morrison, 11. S. Morrison, 12. Holcomb.

HOW FOOTBALL IS PLAYED.

The Players, the Positions and the Manner of Counting Points.

The teams will probably "line up" as follows this afternoon:

Yale: Warren, Left End; Hartwell, Left Tackle; Knicker, Left Guard; Burroughs, Left Halfback; Crosby, Right End; Wallis, Right Tackle; Heffelfinger, Right Guard; B. Morrison, Right Halfback; S. Morrison, Quarterback; Holcomb, Fullback.

Princeton: Fox, Left End; Hartwell, Left Tackle; Knicker, Left Guard; Burroughs, Left Halfback; Crosby, Right End; Wallis, Right Tackle; Heffelfinger, Right Guard; B. Morrison, Right Halfback; S. Morrison, Quarterback; Holcomb, Fullback.

In the game of football there are eleven men on each team, and each man has a position as shown on the accompanying diagram.

Goal line. 100 feet.

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Goal line. 100 feet.

LAST EDITION

YIP GIVES THANKS.

Dainty Holiday Menu for the Famous Ingrowing Boy and Dog.

Every Indication that the Bone- Grafting Is a Success.

Johnnie Writes to His Mother—Ten Days More in Plaster.

An air of thankfulness and cheerfulness pervaded the secret chamber at the Charity Hospital this morning, where Johnnie Gethins and his spaniel, Yip, are still doing the bone-grafting act in the hope that their skin-bones will become solidly united.

The impression among the hospital attendants, too, was stronger than ever that the bone union was an accomplished fact, and as Johnnie's pretty nurse bustled about the sick room "putting things to rights" she ventured to softly hum:

The little piece of dog time—
Laid to my tale of woe—
Has stuck to Johnnie's lighter's skin,
And now its mission will soon be through,
Then adieu—good-bye—
Johnnie and his dog will go.

Just then, however, House-Surgeon Newman came into the room and the pretty nurse at once regained her dignity and softly whispered to Johnnie something about the good things he was to have for dinner at noon.

"The Wardens," said she, "has ordered over half a ton of chicken, 400 pounds of turkey, barrels of apples and cranberries, and a barrel of pork, and over a million things for the 100 other patients in the hospital, but you and Yip will fare better than any of the rest of them."

"You're to have chicken broth and fricassee, some apple sauce, cranberry sauce, a choice bit of roast turkey, and apples and grapes and bananas and—oh! I don't know what else."

"Oh, yes," Johnnie is reported to have ejaculated, his eyes fairly twinkling out of his head. Just then Johnnie's "twain" uttered a series of guttural noises intended for howls, as much as to say:

"Well, what's to become of me? Don't I appear at this banquet at all?"

"Yes," put in Johnnie, "What's Yip going to have?"

"Yip will be attended to all right; don't worry about her," replied the nurse, as she noted a slight frown clouding Dr. Newman's features.

Johnnie appeared satisfied, and settled down patiently to await the big dinner which was then only three hours away, while Yip wagged her tail in apparent approbation, but vowed inwardly to eat her fill of beefsteak for once if she broke her plaster cast in the attempt.

Further than the above related events little could be learned this morning of the exact progress of the bone-grafting experiment, but it is said that Dr. Roberts was allowed a peep at both patients last night, and returned to his office satisfied that the operation would surely prove a success.

Johnnie's improved condition has made a marked change in his demeanor, and he is becoming somewhat impatient in his manners. Indeed, it is said, is a little inclined to be dictatorial.

Last evening he startled Dr. Newman by demanding a pen and ink and stationery. The articles were produced, and Johnnie at once laboriously proceeded to write a letter to his mother.

Just at the letter contained no one knows but himself. Neither does any one but Dr. Newman and Johnnie's attendants know where it was sent, not even the Warden, for Dr. Newman himself took charge of the letter after it was written, and Dr. Phelps is said to have mailed it.

The reasons the whereabouts of Johnnie's parents are unknown to any one save his attendants are these: The name of a patient is not entered upon the hospital books until he or she is discharged. Johnnie's name, his parents' name and their residence, with other personal information, are to be placed on a card tacked up over the head of his little iron cot.

When Johnnie is discharged from the hospital, or if he should be so unfortunate as to die there, this card will be handed in at the Warden's office by the House Surgeon in charge, and the information on the card will be transferred to the hospital books.

Until this is done, even Warden Roberts will not be able to learn just who Johnnie is, unless Dr. Phelps or his attendants are inclined to tell him, and such inclination has not yet been manifested by any of them.

Another indication that the union of Johnnie's and Yip's bones has actually begun to be made known this morning. Johnnie is said to have complained recently of occasional twinges of pain in his right leg, which the doctors are confident are the result of the knitting together of the bone-ends.

To-night marks the beginning of the twelfth day since the operation was begun, and if the favorable conditions of the past few days continue, the cast encircling the grafting will probably be removed in about ten days more, when the result of the experiment will positively be known for the first time.

Johnnie's constant improvement has dispelled all anxiety on his account, and the symptoms of Yip are now being watched carefully to avert, if possible, any decline on her part.

Every effort will be made to preserve her vitality until the cast is over, and in consequence she is nourished and cared for even more attentively than is Johnnie.

Dr. Phelps continues to visit both his patients daily, but is even more uncommunicative regarding his experiment than he was a week ago.

It is evident from his actions, however, that he is confident that the result will be a success, and instead of being irritated at the daily printed reports of the case, he now appears amused as well as pained as to how the ubiquitous reporter manages to secure so much information regarding his two interesting patients.

If Your Eyes Are Deceptive, visit A. JAY CHASE & CO., 18 West 23d st.

ESCAPED IN NIGHT CLOTHES.

Three Families Rendered Home- less by an Early Morning Fire.

At 1.30 o'clock this morning fire broke out in a two-story frame building at the corner of Catherine street and Bell street, Brooklyn.

A high wind prevailed at the time and the old frame structure blazed like tinder.

Louis Hupp and his family, who occupied the building, were awakened by the snout of a policeman, who saw the smoke, and made their way to the sidewalk in their night clothing.

The wind carried the flames to the house adjoining Hupp's on Belmont avenue, and in spite of the efforts of the firemen that building was soon enveloped in flames. The building was owned by Solomon Goldstein.

This building was also very old and it was not long before the fire had caught the house next to it, which was owned by Morris Berg, Berg and his family, who were sleeping when the fire was first discovered in Hupp's house, had time to dress and they got out on the sidewalk before their house caught fire.

After an hour's fight with the flames were finally extinguished. Hupp's loss amounts to about \$200; Goldstein's, \$300; and Berg's \$400. The cause of the fire is unknown.

OUR BRAZILIAN VISITORS GONE.

Admiral da Silveira and His Staff Leave for Washington.

The Washington Limited Express pulled out of the Pennsylvania depot, Jersey City, this morning at 10.30 o'clock and carried with it the Brazilian Admiral da Silveira and staff, accompanied by Rear Admiral Walker, Lewis, Mason, Buckingham and Stanton and other aides.

The international party nearly missed the train, and an unusual amount of baggage is all that saved them.

They located themselves comfortably in the palace car, and will arrive in Washington at 4 o'clock this afternoon, and will be tendered a reception Friday by President Harrison on which occasion the Brazilian Admiral will present the medal now in his charge to the President.

Metropolitan Club and Secretary Tracy will hold receptions in honor of the visitors during their sojourn in Washington.

TWO HORSES CREMATED.

Two horses, valued at \$50, were burned to death in a fire in the frame stable, 11 Monroe street, at 1.40 o'clock this morning.

The stable is kept by John McCullough. The fire broke out about 1.15, and the horses were killed by the flames from the stable.

There is ten minutes' interval between the two "halves."

A NEW TAMMANY LEADER.

Ex-Alderman Hall's Probable Successor in the Eighth.

Walter J. Keech, the most active of the Tammany Hall leaders in the Eighth Assembly District, is expected to succeed George Hall in the leadership next January.

Ex-Alderman Hall is so ill that he can no longer attend to the duties of a political leader, and will retire willingly.

Constipation injures the complexion, use Chamberlain's Laxative Pills.